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T H E

C O O P E R.

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A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

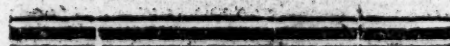
I N T W O A C T S.

[As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN THE HAYMARKET.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

By Dr. A R N E.



L O N D O N:

Printed for E. Cox, in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden; and
G. RILEY, Curzon-Street, May Fair. 1772.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

COOPER

MURDER OF WILLIAM

TWO



THE ADMIRALTY

THE ADMIRALTY

BY

THE ADMIRALTY

PRINTED BY THE ADMIRALTY
LONDON
PRICE ONE SHILLING

CHARACTERS.

MARTIN, the Cooper - - - Mr. Parsons

FANNY, A young country girl,
living with Martin, beloved } Mrs. Jewell
by him; but in love with Colin }

COLIN, Shopman to Martin, in } Mr. Robson
love with Fanny - - - }

TWIG, A drunken farmer - Mr. Weston

JARVIS, A miller of the village, } Mr. Baddely
uncle to Colin - - - }

CHAPTER 2.

Mr. Barton, the Cooper.

A young country girl }
living with her beloved }
by him, but in love with him }

Corry, shopman to Martin }
love with him }

Two. A drunken farmer }
Mr. Weston }

Janet. A miller of the village }
and to him }

THE
C O O P E R.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Cooper's shop, at the farther end of which, on each side of the stage are two doors, one supposed opening to a back room, the opposite to the street. In the middle of the stage, at a small distance from the front is a large cask. To the right stands a kind of horse that Cooper's work upon; and between the scenes, on one side, half on and half off the stage stands a large bucking-tub.

Enter COLIN and FANNY.

FANNY.

LEAVE me, Colin!

COLIN.

No, Fanny, no.

B

FANNY.

FANNY.

A little prudence then wou'd become you ; for our master only watches a decent opportunity to discharge you.—Have not you observ'd of late, that he is always grumbling and out of humour when he is speaking to you ?

COLIN.

I have.

FANNY.

Yesterday, as I was taking a turn in the garden I spied him all alone in the arbor, raving and beating his foot against the ground—'twas all on your account ; for, said he to himself, that cunning fellow, that rascal Colin, I cannot bear—he does nothing in my house, but mischief, loses all his time in talking to Fanny, and strives to prejudice her against me, in favour of himself—I am determined to get rid of him the first opportunity.

COLIN.

Surely, at his age, you don't imagine he is in love with you, Fanny ?

A I R.

FANNY.

*O yes, I've observ'd, that in absence of thee,
He lays down his work, to gaze fondly at me,
Draws near, with a sigh, gives my elbow a shove,
Tho' from laughing, in vain,
I strive to refrain,
He chuckles, and thinks it a proof of my love.*

When

*When oft in the garden for pleasure I run,
He eyes me and follows—you'd smile at the fun,
Push'd forward by love, and drawn backward by
shame,*

Now eager, now cool,

He stands like a fool.

Then creeps to his work, full as wise as he came.

*If singing's my humour, 'tis much the same thing,
With raven-like voice, he endeavours to sing,*

The jar of our notes hits my smile right ;

That old folks and young,

(Mark th' end of my song)

Make just such a discord, when e'er they unite.

COLIN.

What ! dares the old wolf lurch after my
little cade-lamb—let me go, Fanny!

FANNY.

Why, what will you do ? *[holding him.]*

COLIN.

No matter—I'll——

MARTIN.

Very well, very well. *[behind the scenes.]*

FANNY.

Be quiet, if you love me—here he comes—
go to work, dear lad *(he is going)* hark you,
Colin ! if he should be surly, or find fault with
you, keep your temper and leave him to me—
I'll manage him, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Enter Martin, with a bundle of hoops over his shoulder, and twining for them in his hand.

MARTIN.

What are you both doing here?

FANNY.

O master! you can't imagine how well we employ ourselves in your absence.

COLIN.

Very true—look here, master Martin!—I am new hooping your neighbour Twig's bucking-tub.

MARTIN.

Who spoke to you, firrah?

A I R.

MARTIN.

*I always see my Fanny busy,
But that young villain ever stops;
O, what a charming morsel is she,*

COLIN.

That's true—but not for your old chops (aside.)

MARTIN.

What's that you are muttering?

COLIN.

I was only finging, [continuing the tune, Tol de,

MARTIN.

I won't allow you to fing,

COLIN

THE COOPER.

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COLIN.

What the deuce! mayn't a body——

MARTIN.

Hold your tongue—I won't have you speak.

COLIN.

Heyday! neither sing nor speak!

MARTIN.

No—mind your work,

COLIN,

Ha, ha, ha!

MARTIN.

Laugh at me too!—

FANNY.

Silence, Colin. (*aside.*) La, master Martin, how different your face is, now 'tis shav'd!

[*stroking his chin.*

MARTIN.

Yes, Fanny, I believe I look better [*smiling.*

FANNY.

Smugger and handsomer than ever I saw you.

COLIN.

Yes, he's a beauty, truly, Tol de rol. [*singing.*

MARTIN.

Again!

[*angry.*

FANNY.

Why won't you let him sing? it makes us merry—here, take your tools, sit down and work a little with us; Colin can sing and work too—come lad, begin.

[*to Colin.*

AIR.

A I R.

COLIN.

*O the little cunning lassie !
 She has stol'n my heart away ;
 Zooks, she is a mine of treasure,
 When I catch her ; then for pleasure ;
 How we'll dance, and skip and play ;
 Every day,
 Skip and play,
 Sweet we'll pass our time away,
 Every day,
 Skip and play,
 Sweet we'll pass our time away.*

FANNY.

There, master, is n't that a pretty song ?

MARTIN.

No, I don't like it at all. [*peevishly.*

FANNY.

No ?—You're hard to please, master Martin.

MARTIN.

You shan't say so, if you'll give me the pretty song, which I have heard you sing to your companions, under the oak in the garden.

FANNY.

Was it this ?

There was a young damsel— [*Singing.*

MARTIN.

No, not that.

FANNY.

Perhaps this is it—

How happy were my days— [*Singing.*

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

No, no, no, nor that neither—dear me!—
it begins with Chloe stealing grapes—then comes
something about love—and it ends with ruin.

A I R.

FANNY.

*Chloe, alone, had walking been,
Oppress'd beneath the noon-tide ray;
She saw a vineyard, enter'd in,
To steal the tempting fruit away;
Stop, Chloe, stop! harm watch, harm catch;
To guard the grapes, love keeps the watch.
Close by the vine, in ambuscade,
Sly Cupid lay; he seiz'd a dart,
Then aim'd it at the heedless maid;
Which, swift as light'ning, reach'd her heart:
To wrench the shaft, in vain you try;
Ah, Chloe! Chloe's doom'd to die.
Triumphing, straight the god appear'd;
The fatal deed, said he, is done;
Go teach young wantons; make it fear'd
To rashly trust themselves alone;
One thoughtless act may blast their fame,
For lawless pleasure ends in shame.*

MARTIN.

Ay, ay, remember *that*, Fanny, remember
that—however 'twas sweetly sung, and I must
kiss thee for't.

COLIN.

(Running before him) Master, Master, see here!
how I have loosen'd the handle of my adze!

[Thrusting it between them.]

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

Damn your adze, and you too—a troublesome puppy!

FANNY.

Nay, nay, you must not spoil your smug face by frowning.—Come, cheer up—we go together to the feast to-morrow; don't we?

MARTIN.

Yes, yes, my little canary bird, we two will go together.

FANNY.

O delightful! then we'll dance and be so merry—shan't we, master Martin?

MARTIN.

Certainly;—but now I must be gone;—so you, Fanny, away to the garden, and water the flowers. You may gather a nosegay too for yourself, but none for that fellow, I charge you.—As to you, Colin, mind your work, or—

FANNY.

But we have not had *your* song yet—I must have it, before you go.

MARTIN.

Will it please *thee*, my pretty dear?

FANNY.

O vastly! (*hanging fondly on him, and stroking his face*) Eh, he, he!—I love dearly to see you in a good humour.—Come, begin.

MARTIN.

Well then,—but you must join the chorus.

AIR.

THE COOPER.

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AIR and CHORUS.

*One night, with friends, in merry chat,
As Damon o'er a bottle sat,
Fair Celia came to scold;
But he, still careless, gay and free,
Cry'd, peace, my dear,—I drink to thee:
Believe me, last,
A chearful glass,
Keeps love from growing cold;
Then haste we on,
Our work t'have done,
That love and wine may smile in turn.*

CHORUS.

Then haste, &c.

*All day shou'd toilsome business frown,
Brisk wine at night our cares can drown,
And set the heart at rest:
O joy of joys, in merry glee,
The purple beads in dance to see;
In circling glass, to toast the last,
That gives our wine a zest.*

CHORUS.

Haste, haste we on, &c.

COLIN.

How dexterously the little coaxing hussy has play'd him off—my feet itch to go after her—Oh for a pair of stocks to confine them! for should old Surlyboots come back and catch us together, I should never hoop another tub in his house.—I'll e'en go to work—if Fanny is as impatient to return, as I am to have her, she'll not let slip this

C

lucky

lucky opportunity for our settling every step towards our future happiness.

Colin at work, whistling. Enter Fanny, with a nosegay in her bosom.

FANNY.

Colin!

COLIN.

My Fanny! This quick return is kind.—
What a lovely nosegay you have gather'd!

FANNY.

I wou'd present it to *you* if I dar'd; however, as you'll be at the feast to-morrow, take this ribbon,—it was given me by a woman of the village—I accepted it for thy sake, that you may wear it for mine.

COLIN.

Are you sure it was given you by a woman?

FANNY.

What, jealous already? Prithee quit this folly.

COLIN.

So I would, if I could contrive some method to bring about our marriage.

FANNY.

I am very much afraid that master Martin will never consent to it.

COLIN.

What matter's that? he is not your father.

FANNY.

THE COOPER.

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FANNY.

But ever since I lost my parents, he has brought me up with such care and tenderness, that to hurt his mind wou'd go to my heart.

COLIN.

Perhaps you'd rather marry *him*?

FANNY.

Fie, fie, Colin! you know better. I wish you cou'd propose some manner of breaking it to him, that it may not come immediately from *us*.

COLIN.

Let me think!—Odsso, I have it.

FANNY.

Out with it then!

COLIN.

He owes my uncle Jarvis fifty pounds;—now as my old kinsman is fond of us, I'll tell him of our engagement—he'll come directly and demand his money—master Martin has it not, on which, my uncle——

FANNY.

'Twill do, 'tis the very thing. I'll be gone, that we may not be caught together.—Farewell.

[*Going.*

COLIN,

One kiss.

A I R. Rondeau. (*gently repulsing h.m.*)

*Softly, Colin! by and by
You may kiss—and so may I;
Nay, perhaps grown weary, you
Then may cry out—softly, too.*

*Foolish woman, at a call,
Ere she's married, granting all,
Nothing new can after give,
He as little can receive.*

*Since I've love, and nought beside,
I'll reserve it, till a bride;
Tempting sweets the soonest cloy,
Short delay improves our joy.*

SCENE III.

COLIN.

*Charming creature! O what happiness shall I
enjoy, possessing a maid, in whom beauty and
virtue are united!*

A I R.—

*When I'm with my Fanny, my Fanny, my Fanny,
There sure is not any, not any, not any,
So happy, so happy, so happy as I.*

*The transport repeating, repeating, repeating,
My fond heart is beating, is beating, is beating,
Then ends, ends, ends with a sigh.—*

*With conjugal duty, with duty, with duty,
A slave to her beauty, her beauty, her beauty,
I'll cherish, I'll cherish, I'll cherish my fair;
When passions requited, requited, requited,
True lovers united, united, united,
Then fly, fly sorrow and care.*

THE COOPER.

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SCENE IV.

Enter MARTIN.

MARTIN.

Where's Fanny?

COLIN.

(Working on a flat piece of board) Heigh ho!

[Not minding him.]

MARTIN.

Where's Fanny, I say?

[Angrily.]

COLIN.

Is't you, master? Waunds, you bawl as if I was deaf.

MARTIN.

Why didn't you answer then at first?

COLIN.

I'd give a crown that this staff was finished to my mind.

MARTIN.

Rot the staff! Where's Fanny?

COLIN.

See what a pretty turn it takes—*there's* grace, *there's* delicacy.

MARTIN.

Blockhead! puppy!

COLIN.

Zounds! after that, I'll work no more—let it go to the devil. *[Throws the board at Martin's feet.]*

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

Oh!—you impudent rascal, you have broke my toes.—Hark you, friend! to make me amends, will you grant me one favour?

COLIN.

What is it?

MARTIN.

Only this—that you will for ever quit my house.

COLIN.

Who I?

MARTIN.

Yes; you.

COLIN.

Pshaw! you are joking.

MARTIN.

The devil fetch me if I am.

COLIN.

Very well master Martin, very well—enough said—I'll go.—Now, as I so readily granted *your* favour, I hope you'll grant *me* one.

MARTIN.

Come then, let's hear it.

COLIN.

Only this—that you'll dance at my wedding.

MARTIN.

Thy wedding! are you going to be married then?

COLIN.

Certainly.

MARTIN.

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MARTIN.

To whom?

COLIN.

To one of your acquaintance.

MARTIN.

My acquaintance! who the deuce can it be?

COLIN.

O, a very pretty, jemmy, delicate wench,
that you love as the eyes in your head—what
think you of Fanny?

MARTIN.

Blood and thunder! do you see this arm?

COLIN.

Yes, and mind it no more than an old broom-
stick.

D U E T T O.

MARTIN.

Beware!

COLIN.

Take care!

MARTIN.

Beware of my rage!

COLIN.

You dare not engage.

MARTIN.

A cudgel will shew thee—

COLIN.

Zounds! you dont know me.

MARTIN.

Away, firrah, hie!

COLIN.

Good bye, good bye!

[Runs out.
SCENE

SCENE V.

MARTIN.

Death and furies! what a passion the rogue has put me in! yet why? Fanny's tenderness convinces me there is not a word of truth in what the dog says—let me recover myself (*seeing the dram bottle takes it*) O my now dearest friend, forgive my neglect of thee—thou hast been sadly forsaken since thy master fell in love. [*Drinks.*]

A I R.

*Once free from cares and false alarms,
All at peace my heart was gay,
A thousand, and a thousand charms
Then the bottle cou'd display.*

*Now clear fountain of my bliss,
Thee with equal joy I greet;
See I pant for t'other kifs;
Parted friends are glad to meet.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

MARTIN.

WHERE the devil can this girl be gone—surely not after that impudent scoundrel—blood, if I thought she was, I'd—adso, my rage against that fellow made me forget that I sent her into the garden. I'll e'en after her, and take this favourable opportunity to fix our wedding-day, and insure our happiness at once. I am in rare spirits for the encounter, thanks to my cordial friend, the dram-bottle. Tol de rol.

To him, Fanny with a basket under her arm.

FANNY.

You are in a merry humour, master, I could hear you in the street.

MARTIN.

O the cunning jade! (*aside.*) Where have you been, ha?

FANNY.

To dame Fidget's.

[*frighten'd.*

MARTIN.

What have you in the basket?

FANNY.

Only some cakes and wine, which the old woman gave me to partake with Colin.

MARTIN.

Have you seen him?

FANNY.

No, indeed,

MARTIN.

Look me full in the face!

FANNY.

There, Sir,

[bashfully.]

MARTIN.

Have n't you told me a lie?

FANNY.

No, indeed, indeed, Sir.

[trembling.]

MARTIN.

Nay, my pretty dove, don't tremble, all I say is for your good.—Talk no more with that fellow, have nothing to do with him, he's a bad man, and I have turn'd him away.

FANNY.

Who? Colin? for what, pray?

MARTIN.

He's too faucy, when I'm at home, and too idle, when I'm abroad—In short, I don't like him.

FANNY.

He was all attention to me.

MARTIN.

So much the worse; zouns, so much the worse. I charge you never to speak to him again.

FANNY.

FANNY.

Suppose he should come and speak to *me*?

MARTIN.

Shut the door in his face.

FANNY.

If I meet him in the street?

MARTIN.

Turn your back to him; then you'll win my heart for ever—waunds, I'll marry thee, and trick myself up to please thee—but thou art sleepy—go to bed, my child.

FANNY.

La, Sir, 'tis too soon yet.

MARTIN.

No matter, your eyes look heavy, go to rest, my dear, you'll rise the earlier to-morrow.

FANNY.

True, master; so I shall—good night! [*going*.

MARTIN.

Good night, my little precious, good night!

FANNY.

(*aside*.) I'll soon be back again. [*exit*.

MARTIN.

'Tis indeed too early for me to sleep, so I'll to my chamber and look over my accompt-book—I shall want money to pay the expence of my wedding. [*exit*.

SCENE II.

Enter FANNY, softly, with a candle in her hand.

RECITATIVE.

He's gone to bed—now let me see,
 If Colin waits at hand for me;
 Ought I to hope?—he said I might
 Depend on seeing him to-night.
 Hark! the street-door creaks—'tis he—
 O happy girl! what joy to me!
 Colin!—Colin!—all's silent now again—
 Colin!—ah me!—I call him still in vain.

AIR.

*Fly Time! with lighter pinions move!
 Ah why this dull delay!
 While thus I wait my tardy love,
 Each minute seems a day.*

*Haste then to bring my darling boy,
 Whose presence has the pow'r,
 To make a year, swift wing'd with joy,
 Seem but a short-liv'd hour.*

SCENE III.

COLIN *peeping, and advancing slowly,*

COLIN.

Fanny!

FANNY.

Thrice welcome, faithful Colin! but tell me,
 have you seen your uncle?

COLIN.

COLIN.

He's coming presently.

FANNY.

But I believe my master's gone to bed.

COLIN.

How! already!—well, no matter, my uncle will rout him, I warrant you.

FANNY.

How got you in?

COLIN.

With this key, which our master forgot to ask me for,

FANNY.

O how lucky! have you supp'd?

COLIN.

No faith, and am as hungry as a hunter.

FANNY.

Stay then a minute,

[*runs out.*]

COLIN.

I am confoundedly afraid, that Old Crusty will take a freak in his head to come down, and so catch us together.

Enter FANNY, with a cake, bottle of wine and a napkin.

FANNY.

Come, Colin, we'll partake of dame Fidget's present. Bring your chair. (*throws the napkin on the cask, he sets two chairs, and they sit.*) Suppose you were to drink one glass first.

COLIN.

THE COOPER.

COLIN.

With all my heart, if you'll pledge me,

[She fills a glass, which he takes and looks at while he sings.]

A I R.

Come let's be gay—

FANNY.

(Clapping her hand upon his mouth.) Hush, hush, you noisy monkey, you'll wake my master.

COLIN.

Odzooks! I was so transported, that I never thought of him.

SCENE IV.

Enter TWIG, drunk.

TWIG.

Very well,—ve-very well, my little buck and doe, long live your joy!—Come, let's be gay.—

[Singing, as Colin did.]

FANNY.

Silence, good Mr. Twig, you'll disturb my master. How, Colin, cou'd you leave the door open; we're undone.

TWIG.

So, I shall disturb your ma-ma-master, 'shall I?—Damn your master—Ho, boy! house! hallo!

COLIN.

What's you're will, master Twig?

FANNY.

FANNY.

Speak softly—what is't you want?

TWIG.

Want! what do I want! upon my soul I don't know what I want—I came for something,—but I don't remember what, da-da-damme if I do.

COLIN.

Speak softly then!

TWIG.

(Speaking louder.) How the devil, speak softly—is any body sick in the house?

FANNY.

No, but my master is fast asleep.

TWIG.

Ha, ha, ha! so much the better for you.

COLIN.

Did'nt you come for your bucking tub, Mr. Twig?

TWIG.

My bu-bu-bucking tub—no—yes, yes, very true, I recollect—ay, ay—I ca-ca-came for my bu-bu-bucking tub.

COLIN.

It shall be sent home to-morrow, without fail—leave us now, good Mr. Twig, and go to bed.

TWIG.

Go to bed, forsooth!—go-go-go to bed! Ha, ha, ha, here's a pretty fellow, has the impudence to bid an officer of the pe-pe-peace go to bed.

bed! a co-co-constable, a chu-chu-church-warden, a man of my co-co-consequence order'd by a hoop-barrel cooper to bed.

FANNY.

Well, do as you please.

TWIG.

Ha! my little cabbage sprout! one sweet kiss to make it up, and I'll be gone.

[Goes to kiss her.]

FANNY.

(Avoiding him) No, no, another time.

TWIG.

You wont—very well—Liberty, liberty for ever—waunds, nothing's to be got here, so I'll e'en be-be-beat my march. *[Exit.]*

COLIN.

Thank heaven, we're clear of him at last.

FANNY.

A filthy fellow! Mercy on me! he's coming again.

TWIG *re-enters.*

TWIG.

Give me leave, ye young happy rogues, to li-li-light my pi-pi-pipe by your candle.

COLIN.

And welcome; but don't make such a noise!

TWIG.

Oho! I speak too loud do I! well then *(Speaking softly.)* I'll try to soften my voice.

(Speaking very loud.)

THE COOPER.

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FANNY.

There's no bearing this,—I'll e'en be gone.

TWIG.

Stay, stay, my little July flow'r, I wont drive you away. (*Sees the bottle and glass*) O ho! what's here? wine? I must have one swig, damme (*drinks and spits it out again*) horrid stuff! I'll no more of it.—Good night, my chickens!

COLIN.

Ay, good night to you!

TWIG.

That's civil however; but I an't gone yet.

[*He reels against the cask, and trying to save himself, lays hold of the napkin, and with it throws every thing down.*]

FANNY.

Grant me patience! he has thrown down every thing, and put out the candle.

TWIG.

Ay, ay, now I've done all the mischief I can, 'tis time to sheer of.—Come let's be gay.

[*Singing, and blunders out.*]

COLIN.

The devil go with you, say I.

FANNY.

Colin, where are you?

COLIN.

Here, my dear, gathering the things together.

E

FANNY.

FANNY.

Make haste, for I hear a noise up stairs—I'll
to my chamber—try you to make your escape.
[*Feels her way out.*]

COLIN.

Hark! by my evil genius, 'tis master Martin.
—How shall I escape! (*feels about*) Ha! the
cask, I'll get behind it, perhaps 'twill conceal
me.

S C E N E V.

Enter MARTIN with a Candle.

A I R.

Hark! bark!
Metbought I heard a riot—
No—all's dark,
'Twas fear disturb'd my quiet.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And yet strange voices kept me from my bed,
Some thieves perhaps, that hearing me are fled.

No, not a creature can I see—

'Twas Fanny made a fool of me.

Lift, again! ah me! I fall—

What's that I see!—nothing at all:

Then courage Martin!—Now I'm bold:

Blood I could face the Devil—but hold!

Surely something there I see

Behind the tub—what can it be!

Hem! hem! burr-r! (*Makes a
noise to frighten it.*)

Zounds! it will not stir.

I'll bravely up and rout the elf—

See, see!

Ah me!

That tub is walking by itself!

Thieves! thieves! Fanny come down, Fanny!

[As he draws back towards the chamber-door calling Fanny, Colin advances, pushing the Cask before him.]

COLIN.

I shall never get away without being seen.

MARTIN.

I believe 'tis that rascal Colin.

COLIN.

Yes, 'tis I, master Martin, don't be frighten'd, ha, ha, ha, didn't you know me?

MARTIN.

No, faith, but I'll make *you* know *me*: since you are come for the beating I promised, you shan't escape it now.

COLIN.

I'll bet you two to one of that. *[Shifting from him.]*

MARTIN.

Stay a little.

COLIN.

Stay *you* a little for *me*; I'll be back again presently. *[Exit.]*

MARTIN.

A plague confound the slippery dog!

SCENE VI.

Enter FANNY.

FANNY.

Lord ha' mercy! what's the matter? you have
scar'd me out of my sleep.

MARTIN.

Silence! Prate a-pace.

FANNY.

Bless me! how ugly you look when you are in
a passion—I'll begone—your looks terrify me.

[going.]

MARTIN.

Zounds, stay here!

[lays hold on her.]

FANNY.

Oh! how you hurt me!

[crying out.]

MARTIN.

Tell me then how Colin came here to-night,

FANNY.

Colin! was he here?

MARTIN.

You are vastly surpriz'd to be sure—Blood,
didn't you let him in?

FANNY.

I?

MARTIN.

Yes you, and meant I suppose, to go off with
him.

FANNY.

FANNY.

How can you be so wi—icked as to invent such
sto—ories ! [crying.]

MARTIN.

Ha ! in tears ! I can't bear that.

FANNY.

I didn't think you ca—a—pable of such usage.

MARTIN.

Well, don't cry ; I am willing to believe you
innocent ; but if so, how the plague got he in ?

FANNY. (*thinking*).

Are you certain that you took the key of the
street-door from him, when you turn'd him
away.

MARTIN.

Ha ! no faith—upon recollection I did not.

FANNY.

See there now, an't you asham'd to treat a poor
girl in so ba—ha—harbarous a manner. [crying.]

MARTIN.

Nay, nay, don't take it so to heart—I protest
it was only in joke. Ha ! a smile come, all's
well again, is n't it ?

FANNY.

Ah, you don't know all. [smiling archly.]

MARTIN. (*aside*.)

She would fain tell me how dearly she loves me
—Well, my dear, I'll not go up again, but stay
and work with *thee*—will that please you ?

FANNY.

FANNY.

O yes—'till Colin returns.

[*aside.*]

MARTIN.

Here, help me to fix this tub that I may scrape it a little on the inside [*they fix it*]. How happy shall I be when thou art my wife!

FANNY.

O, but we are not come to that yet.

MARTIN.

True; but we *shall* soon.

FANNY.

Perhaps so.

[*with great indifference.*]

MARTIN.

Perhaps so! what, an't I handsome enough?

FANNY.

I don't say that.

MARTIN.

Wou'dst rather I were younger?

FANNY.

O no.

MARTIN.

Richer?

FANNY.

I shou'dn't love you a bit more for that.

MARTIN.

Well said, my girl, content surpasse riches; but thou shalt find with me both pleasure and profit.

[*Gets into the tub, Fanny gives him a small stool and a candle.*]

SCENE

THE COOPER.

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SCENE VII.

Enter COLIN softly, FANNY stands behind the Tub.

COLIN.

Fanny!

FANNY.

Hush! he's in here.

MARTIN.

I don't think Colin will have much desire to come here again—what say you Fanny?

FANNY.

I'm of your opinion—Is your uncle coming?

COLIN.

Directly.

MARTIN.

Fanny, you don't speak—are you angry still?

FANNY.

O no—I am well contented now. [*nodding at Colin and laughing.*]

MARTIN.

Then tell me a comical story, 'twill make the time pass the merrier.

FANNY.

I've learn'd a new song, but I'm somewhat doubtful whether I ought to sing it.

MARTIN.

Why so?

FANNY.

Because its a banter upon your old friend
Jacques, the cooper.

MARTIN.

O never mind that.

COLIN.

It comes just in the nick.

MARTIN.

Come, Fanny, begin.

A I R.

FANNY.

*A cooper, old and jealous too,
(A wanton goat as e'er was seen)
To be his wife, did boldly woo,
A pretty maiden, scarce fifteen.
But Cymon, handsome, young and gay,
In secret stole her heart away.
Work away, cooper, work away,
And never heed what folks will say.*

MARTIN.

Excellent, excellent! Go on, Fanny.

FANNY.

*One day when he was hard at work,
A neighbour's tub to cleanse within;
Cymon, who near the shop did lurk,
Unseen by him, stole softly in;
By tender looks and sighs he strove
To charm the object of his love.
Work away, &c. &c.*

C H O R U S.

Work away, &c. &c.

MARTIN.

Very good, very good, faith! Ha, ha, ha!
poor Jacques—ha! ha! ha!—Sing on.

FANNY.

*Thus work'd, secure, the jealous fool,
Unconscious that a trick was play'd;
While Cymon, laughing at the tool,
Of time, the best advantage made;
And, eager for th' expected bliss,
Crown'd all with one delicious kiss.
Work away, &c. &c.*

[Here Colin, happening to throw his hand over the tub, Martin, taking it for Fanny's, kisses it violently; then, raising his head out of the tub, sees Colin kissing her, and in a passion, striving suddenly to get out, flings it down, himself in it, and crawls out; they laughing.]

MARTIN.

Death! fury! murder!—I'm betray'd,
robb'd, ruin'd—O thou scoundrel, thou thief!

SCENE the last.

To them JARVIS.

JARVIS.

Heyday! what the devil's the matter here?

MARTIN.

O master Jarvis, I am almost murder'd (*panting*) your villain of a nephew.—

JARVIS.

Fair and softly, master Martin! let us talk
F over

over an affair of mine, and then we'll come to yours.

MARTIN.

Well, well, what is it.

JARVIS.

You owe me fifty pounds, master Martin.

MARTIN.

Very true. What the devil brought him to demand it now. (*aside*) That rascal, your nephew.

JARVIS.

Your note has lain a long time since it was due, and I must now be paid.

MARTIN.

But I am out of cash at present.

JARVIS.

That will bring no grist to my mill, master Martin; therefore, unless you pay me to-morrow, I shall apply in a different manner.

MARTIN.

One misfortune, upon the heels of another! I have not at this time a single guinea.

JARVIS.

But you have goods, master Martin, and so your servant. [*Going.*]

MARTIN.

Stay a little master Jarvis.

JARVIS.

THE COOPER.

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JARVIS.

Have you the money ?

MARTIN.

No, no, but, but,—I'm an honest man.

JARVIS.

Perhaps so—good night to you [going.

COLIN.

Stop a minute uncle, and I'll make him an advantageous proposal, [Jarvis comes back.

JARVIS.

What is it nephew.

COLIN.

Let him assign Fanny over to me, and I'll take the debt upon myself.

MARTIN.

Do you hear the impudent dog ?

JARVIS.

Impudent dog ! take care of what you say—Adod, he's a generous fellow and you don't deserve his friendship.—You shall hear from me to-morrow. [angrily, and going.

MARTIN.

Hold a minute! must I then lose my Fanny ?

JARVIS.

Ay, and to plain with you, no loss at all—you're an old wither'd plank like myself, and not fit to make the wing of a windmill, one storm would shatter you to pieces ; but they are

F 2

young

young saplings, that defy wind and weather, and whirling briskly the round of life, will keep the mill continually in motion.

MARTIN.

Let me consider.—Fanny says nothing and sticks by Colin. (*looking at them*.) The two young devils have bubbled me—'Tis plain she loves him, and should I marry her against her inclination, Cuckoldom may be the consequence. [*aside*

JARVIS.

Have you determin'd ?

MARTIN.

I have to get fifty pound by not doing a foolish thing.

JARVIS.

Sensibly said, master Martin (*takes a note from his pocket book.*) To convince you that I think you a man of honour, there's your note—take it and tear it.

MARTIN. (*taking the note.*)

This generosity subdues me.—Come, my children! (*embracing them.*) friend Jarvis and I will couple you together, and while you are shaking your legs for joy, toss off bumpers to your future happiness.

AIR and CHORUS.

*When in the tub I sat me down,
Too busy with my work, I own,*

I ne-

THE COOPER.

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*I never once thought of what might be doing ;
But I'm not the first that was bubb'd in wooing ;
Then hence all gloomy discontents ;
With work and wine,
I'll banish mine,
And quite forget all past events.
Let drink and labour be your care,
For joy and profit center there.*

C H O R U S.

Let, &c.

JARNIS.

*'Tis only for the young and gay,
In love to dally time away ;
When silly old men to young girls are inclin'd,
They reap up the corn which they never can grind :
If one, by chance, successful prove,
He's but the tool,
Of ridicule,
For all young rogues have pow'r to love.*

C H O R U S.

Let drink, &c.

FANNY.

*Now, thanks to Heav'n ! young Colin's mine ;
My dearest lad, I'm wholly thine ;
Yet we must not fondle away all our days,
But learn by hard labour our fortune to raise ;
Then, lest thy toilsome days seem long,
At work with thee,
My Love, I'll be,
And cheer the time with many a song.*

C H O R U S.

Let drink, &c.

COLIN.

THE COOPER.

COLIN.

*Let wedlock, with its filken bands,
 Unite our hearts, as well as hands;
 Each smile of my Fanny's, a smile shall requite,
 Her beauty my treasure, her peace my delight;
 Tho' worldly cares attend thro' life;
 E'en they have sweets
 To him, who meets
 A lovely, kind and virtuous wife.*

CHORUS.

Let drink, &c.

F I N I S.

